

# *The* **SCEPTRE**

NOVEMBER



1929

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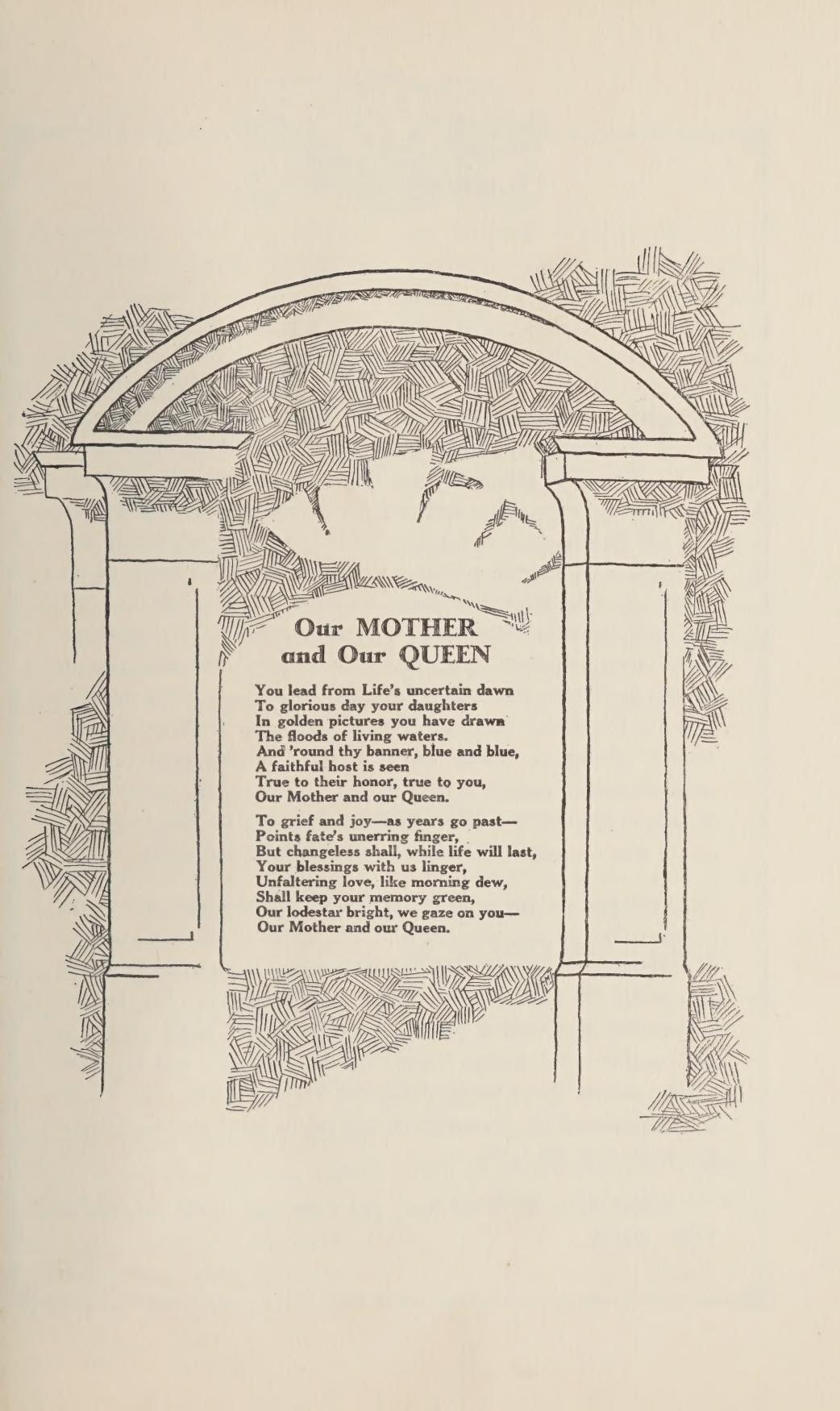
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## Our MOTHER and Our QUEEN

You lead from Life's uncertain dawn  
To glorious day your daughters  
In golden pictures you have drawn  
The floods of living waters.  
And 'round thy banner, blue and blue,  
A faithful host is seen  
True to their honor, true to you,  
Our Mother and our Queen.

To grief and joy—as years go past—  
Pointe fate's unerring finger,  
But changeless shall, while life will last,  
Your blessings with us linger,  
Unfaltering love, like morning dew,  
Shall keep your memory green,  
Our lodestar bright, we gaze on you—  
Our Mother and our Queen.



## Thanksgiving

ONLY A nation which believed that every good and perfect gift cometh from the Lord would render thanks at Harvest Time. The Hebrews had a "Feast of Ingathering" which was observed for seven days with rejoicing and thanksgiving because they felt that the Lord had done great things for them whereof they were glad. Our English ancestors listened with devout hearts as the words were read from the Episcopal Prayer Book, "Grant, O Lord, that with thankful hearts for the mercies received . . ." And our godly Puritan forefathers had the First American Thanksgiving in the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1633. When peace was declared after the Revolution there was a Thanksgiving in 1784, but the day did not become an annual harvest-time observance until in 1863 when President Lincoln issued the Proclamation. In recent years the season has become one of spontaneous giving to others less fortunate than ourselves: the orphans, the destitute, the needy.

"We are not happy in proportion to our blessings, but in the measure that we appreciate them." The spirit of thankfulness and of wishing to share our blessings with others is an attitude of the soul so self-effacing and so noble that it can transform a life. Indeed, it partakes of a mystical character and assumes a motif similar to that in all the Grail themes where Charity—Sympathy and Vicarious Living—is the secret of beholding the Vision Beatific. The Pharisee who thanked the Lord that he was not as other men had doubtless never seen the Lord.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his benefits."—  
Psalm 103:2.

## Tapestry

A window overlooking the campus is the frame for an intriguing piece of a tapestry gorgeous with the colors of autumn. It is a fabric woven by a medieval tapestry-maker, expressing his love of high coloring to cheer the bleak world and his delight in the mystic blue haze and the shimmering flames of symbolic fire. Each tree is represented as a flame licking the heavens, as if to devour that delicious blue. It would seem that fire was consuming the world in punishment for its summer luxuriating—a fit theme for a tapes-

try designed to adorn the wall of a medieval baron. Its resplendent flame colors, shading from scarlet through orange, yellow, and yellow-green to russet brown, set off by the emerald of the evergreens, are softened and blended by the hazy blues of the atmosphere into a mellow harmony that shows the age of this rare old tapestry, once used to brighten the blank wall of a castle of the Middle Ages. All the mysticism of those far-off days is revealed in its ethereal beauty.

—*Sara Page Ticknor.*

## November

Autumn lurches down the year,  
Like a crone who's lost her  
way,  
How the ragamuffins jeer,  
How the rude old people peer  
From their curtained homes to-  
day!

Naughty white chrysanthemums  
Follow in her roistering train.  
Laughing at her strange disaster,  
Flaming sumac and pink aster  
Scoff and nod amid the rain.

She is old, and worn, and tired;  
She has lost the joy of life.  
All she hoped for and aspired  
Now is gone. No more required,  
She is a discarded wife.

Yet behold that ancient flame,  
Burning in her tragic eyes!  
Gold of dreams without a name,  
Rising upward to the skies!

—*Selected.*

## Soul Windows

Would that I might create a thousand windows in my soul that all the beauties of Nature and the inspirations of God might enter in and make me a person of fully-developed mind and spirit. The romance of history, the charm of poetry, the intrigue of art, the wisdom and imagery of literature, all these go into the make-up of one who would aspire to be such that it might be said of him, "He was a man; take him for all in all, I shall not see his like again." Into the lives of some of the greatest poets the world has ever known came the love of Nature to inspire in them the elements necessary to make their works live for ages. This love of Nature asserted itself in many different ways; Coleridge presented it in a rather supernatural aspect while Wordsworth made common things beautiful; Keats was an apostle of beauty while Shelley idealized it. Almost all poets except Wordsworth wrote about the outward beauty of the world, but all the loveliness and majesty of streams and flowers and mountains seemed to him to be the Spirit of God on earth.

Nothing can be more of an inspiration to a person than the beauties of art, not only pictures, but all the various forms in which art expresses itself. The love on a Madonna's face and the pathos on a Christ's, the turbulence of a battle and the peace of a brook, the innocence of a child and the conceit of a king, any of these would stir some emotions in a man of stone. But we must open our hearts and our souls that beauty may enter in and soften every hardness we may have, cure every heartache, and diminish every sorrow.

Now I wish to open a window to my soul through which literature may come in and help me to gather the most from what I read or hear. Whatever a man reads, he must remember that it is only his own personality he is trying to unlock; and if he reads the right books he will find some of his own thoughts expressed. Many a man has been made great by the influence of good books; Stevenson once said that the Gospel of St. Matthew and Shakespeare had served him best; Edmond Burke received his first desire to

be an orator from the study of Cicero; Jack London considered "Signa," a story by Louise de la Ramme, one of the determining factors of his life.

I wish to open another window, the sense of hearing, for when one is sad, he may find joy in the outburst of music; or if he is angry, roused by the turbulence of jealousy or hatred, he will find relief in the soothing voice of an organ or the uplifting tones of a violin. Music, in all its forms, must of necessity rouse one's emotions unless that one has closed his soul to all beauty and then he will find himself an outcast, enjoying nothing and being enjoyed by no one.

May I build an ever-open window to my soul so that I may embrace all the friendship which may come my way. There is nothing that so influences the lives of men as the bond of friendship, for though they be ignorant or poverty-stricken, the understanding which vibrates between true friends lightens them in their direst need. The assurance of sympathy and the presence of a helping hand lightens every load and helps one find in every cloud a silver lining.

Then may I have a window

through which the grace of God and the message of religion may enter in and broaden my life so that I may embrace not only the character building influences of the world but the infinity of Eternity. Every man should gain the assurance of Christ's love, should learn to regard Him as a personal Friend, so that his Gethsemane may be lighted by the perfect understanding and merciful love of his God.

These are all external stimuli which may enter in my windows and broaden my outlook, enlarge my understanding, and form a character. But unless some good proceeds from the development of this character, a man is a failure both to himself and to everyone with whom he comes in contact. Therefore windows must be made through which the light of a splendid character may shine and light the paths of others.

So to obtain the greatest enjoyment in life, one must serve others, not himself; for he who has never given aid has never received the glowing look of a child or the benediction of an aged face—and these are the bread of life. So I want to build a window in my soul through which Serv-

ice may go to help the world in order that I may follow the exemplary life of Jesus Christ.

"That the being of me may have room to grow,  
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know,

I will build great windows—wonderful windows—

Marvelous windows for my Soul."

—*Evelyn Wagner.*

## The Greer Art Gallery

In a city of buildings, proud and pretentious buildings, one is almost lost; yet when stumbled upon, one wonders how this small gem could have been overlooked. It has no windows. The small cut-stone structure is like a dainty old lady, whose grace and refinement are written in the lines of her face and whose pride of race is shown in the erectness of her carriage. Her gown is chaste and sober. She must be visited to be appreciated, for her sightless eyes give no hint of the wonders of her mind.

In the inner recesses of her personality is a garden surround-

ed by a passageway. Known to the best of friends. A luxuriant garden, redolent of the tropics—Life in the midst of living deadness. The chambers of her mind, peaceful and beautiful are cleared of all that is not of value, not cluttered with trivialties. Bits of pottery, rare and old carvings, a strip of ancient embroidery. The etchings of a master, these are her thoughts. Her memories are bright things, an oil or two, scarlet water-colors. The most glorious one and a vain one is peacock-like in its coloring and design and frames the portrait of a young girl. —*Edith Storm.*

## Meditations From a Back Seat in English Class

A certain young lady's shadow as she lazily scratches her knee reminds one of a yo-yo going up and down. Speaking of scratching, I wish M. T. would get a new pen or take another course. . . . Ink on floor—which floor *could* be swept, and will have to be if that girl up there doesn't stop methodically pulling out her hair, strand by strand—a slow motion picture of tearing one's hair. But ho! she's left off and is taking out hair pins. The new catalogues should, read, "Complete beauty parlor service with each of our English courses." . . . What a tiny squirrel on the sill; aw, it's scampered off. . . . Next door neighbor asks me what page is *that* on—she can see I haven't a book. . . . Well, of all the—a back to nature movement, I suppose. T. B. is trying to catch two flies that are fighting on her wrist. . . . Why, in the world doesn't some one answer that

phone? "No'm, Yas'm, she's in class. Yas'm; awll right mam"—this from Jenny. Wonder if that was for me. Can't think who unless. . . . "Mam? Well, No'm. You see, I didn't read that *particular* part. No'm, well, I don't believe I remember *that*, either." Another goose egg for me. Oh well. . . . Red dormer on North Hall reminds me of a potato cellar in a mountain side. . . . Is that a rat? Nope, only a dearville squeaking. They ought not manufacture shoes that are full of noises. A body can't concentrate. . . . "Just saw Jim up street. Said to tell you, hello"—this yelled across the back campus—so very private. . . . Think I'll write Joe tonight. I—The bell? Oh! Cat, what'd she say the lesson for Wednesday was? O yeh, thanks heaps. Good teacher, isn't she?—M—I'll be seeing you. . . ."

—Mary Groome McNinch.

# *The* S C E P T R E

FOUNDED 1928



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## Mediocrity

There are many things that can be said against a man. There are many criticisms, many slights, many ways of insulting known to almost anyone. To some, it may seem that profanity strikes deepest into one's reactions; to another, reflections on personal courage; to another, remarks which seem to injure character or reputation.

These things are obvious; their weight is seen and appreciated. There are other remarks, other criticisms, which work more insidiously. Among these, there is the casual observation: "He is a

very ordinary person."

Compared to other, more apparent slights, the strength of this statement seems insignificant. Yet its potency is great because its very import is too often not realized. The curse of mediocrity lies in the fact that the dormant ambition of the mediocre person keeps him from knowing that he is such.

We are not preaching snob tactics; far from it.

There is no surer way to make a failure of life than for one to get into a rut, and expend all his energy wearing it deeper and

deeper. What is accomplished? A nice hole dug? But where was the pleasure in digging it? There was none. The pleasure in life lies in the little side excursions, the rills and the branches, in the leaving of the rut, and the finding of new ways, new ideas.

To be ordinary is to let the mind stop work. It is easy to allow things to rest. "I am comfortable, why worry?" is a simple motto. Failure to use one's arm, to exercise it, would soon reduce that member to nothing. Failure to use one's brain will soon leave it helpless and unable to do even the slightest task beyond its ordinary, drugged existence.

It is not hard for students to get into a rut—a routine of classes, study, meals, sleep, classes—around and around. Our life is conducive to such a state. Some of us are prone to let things go, to move with the tide. We are content to live a mediocre existence.

It is dangerous business. The habits which we make now are likely to be lasting ones; they should therefore be good ones. Our ambitions should reach out for something else to do; our energy for a work on which it

can be expended; our mind for a task in which to interest itself. To do nothing beyond routine work is deadening. Witness *Ulysses*:

"I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet, all experience is an arch  
where thro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world,  
whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I  
move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make  
an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to  
shine in use!  
As though to breathe were life."

To breathe is not life. To breathe is merely to exist. To live is to take an interest in the things which go on, to travel, to read, to broaden the mind, to learn tolerance, self-control, discrimination. These are the ways to enjoy life, to rise above the ordinary.

The man in the rut has dulled his perceptions, stifled his instincts; he will never be greater than his ambition. The man who makes progress, who stands above his fellows, is he who has a keen perception and an active mind. He has learned to evade the curse of mediocrity.

—C. McL.

## Our Student Council

The important task for interpreting for the student body its code of honor has fallen into the hands of a capable group of girls.

Contrary to popular belief the council functions best when it apparently functions not at all. The truth of this seemingly paradoxical statement is not hard to realize. The honor of the student body is at its very highest peak when every single student lives up to those principles which she knows to be right.

Then to all outward appearances there is no work for the Council, no interpretations to make, no infringements to consider.

### *Student Council*

Elizabeth White
Ann Brand
Nancy Vincent
Daphne Clarke
Josephine Hall
Mary Gordon Query
Rae Weeks
Mary Robinson Smith
Margaret Bell
Nannie L. Wilson
Agnes Bingham
Naomi Stone
Anna Belle Smith

The honor of the student body is low when there are constant violations, frequent offenses against the faith and trust of the student body in itself. It is then that the council seems busy—busy in the eyes of students. For the honor code of the student body must be maintained; the offenders against it must be punished; there must be none who will lower the standards to satisfy their own selfish ends.

The Student Council, however, is always busy. Though sometimes its actions are not apparent, it is always engaged in spreading that thought which leads to right actions. There it finds its most useful work. If the Council can remain in the background and yet maintain the operation of the honor system, it is performing its work most efficiently.

This publication, being of the study body, will always strive to support the highest ideals of student life.

The Council has started its work by inculcating into the lives

of the students a sense of honor. They are performing noble work in laying a substantial base for

later development. May they build accurately and successfully upon this foundation.

—C. McL.

## Sketches From Japan

### Kwangi's Temple

The lonely quiet of the afternoon was broken by the melancholy toll of the temple bell which vibrated through the moulding rafters and echoed down the hill-side. A faint odor of burning incense tinged the air. Before the altar a cold yellow flame flickered as it pierced the mysterious depths of gloom which surrounded the idols. How still the musty air was! Unseen eyes seemed to be watching us from behind the decaying walls and a vague fear crept over us as the murmur of chanting priests floated from the inner recesses of the temple.

### A Japanese Restaurant

I stepped through the low doorway covered with faded blue curtains ornamented and decorated with a long red lantern

across which "welcome" was written in scrawling Japanese characters. In the dingy light a few rough wooden tables stood out against the plastered walls. The damp earthen floor echoed dully as we crossed the room and squeezed between the tables and wall to perch on a long narrow bench. The air was reeking with tobacco smoke and the strong ordor of raw onions. Sudden gusts of uproarious laughter came at intervals from the group of students who lounged lazily over the opposite table. A ruddy-smiling-faced boy brought our order on a well-worn tray. As I lifted the lid from my little lacquer bowl a cloud of fragrant steam arose in my face.

—“Loy” Monroe.

## Why Is a Freshman?

The greatest disappointment in the career of any biology teacher is the impossibility of putting a freshman under the microscope. If it were possible to minutely examine this strange insect, science would undoubtedly solve one of nature's greatest enigmas. But because this simply can't be done, the freshman is apparently destined to always remain a puzzle to the learned men of the times. It defies explanation.

As we cannot hope to scientifically diagnose a freshman, let us examine the phenomenon purely for the sake of entertainment. Take a freshman on her first day of college life. The morning is young, so is the freshman. Both are a little hazy, but don't know it. The freshman hastily breakfasts on toast buttered with excitement and hies herself forth to the greatest event of her life—her first day at college. She looks forward to a momentous voyage, a voyage across the sea of knowledge that will make Columbus' famous trip seem like a canoe ride. The coming year is to her what a June day is to a butterfly. Neither can see beyond these re-

spective times, but while the butterfly jumps about aimlessly from flower to flower, the freshman simply jumps about aimlessly from hour to hour.

Arriving at college, the freshman is startled to discover that there is no brass band to meet her. Certainly such an event should have occasioned some demonstration. Overcoming her disappointment as best she can, she soon finds herself mingling with the crowd. This is a point in her favor, as freshmen seldom find themselves at all. At first she walks about like a peacock, preening before the onlookers and expecting to be called upon for a speech. After an hour the crushing truth dawns upon her that as far as the rest of the girls are concerned she is intermission at this particular show. Recovering from this tragic blow, she determines that if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain. She consequently changes her tactics and tries to open up a witty conversation. She might as well try to open an oyster with a toothpick. The moment she opens her mouth,

everybody knows why science placed the freshman in the insect class. She begins to ask questions such as "When is a semester? Why is a campus?" etc. In fifteen minutes the upperclassmen begin throwing her peanuts.

During the first year of college life the freshman is as mixed up as a bowl of chop suey. Every sentence she utters confirms the fact that all dumb-bells are not in the gymnasium. She can grasp an idea about as easily as a jellyfish can play a ukulele. She is simply a vast vacuum, one of those intangible voids that can only be

measured by the Einstein theory. In other words, the freshman is just a plain, every day specimen of animal life known as an insect.

Perhaps that is the reason that when she comes to her senses in her sophomore year, her first thought is to crush the ego of the new freshmen. Thus we see the newcomers *w e a r i n g* placards classifying themselves with the insects, braiding their hair with ribbons, wearing one black and one white shoe and stocking and in general dressing in a way to make the squirrels come down out of the trees.

—*Laura Ann Travis.*

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## The Changing Age

Peppy, gay, and always happy  
Cute, chic, and awful snappy  
Hair cut short and dresses, too,  
Dainty from her head to shoe  
Loved the boys, liked to dance  
Loved to jazz, liked to prance  
"Finis" but fine  
Girl of 1929.

With dresses long, a graceful  
flare

Also long—her golden hair  
Her slang has changed, its now  
"passe"

She speaks in quite a natural way  
Likes music too, instead of noise  
Loves the girls and likes the boys  
No longer jazzy, gay, or flirty  
Welcome, Girls of 1930.

—*Lucia Harding.*

## Practice Teaching

For quite sometime, why even since we saw last year's Seniors eating, drinking, and sleeping, practice teaching, we've been looking forward with a great deal of dread to the time when we should start. I know that each and every one of you non-teachers, having a room-mate, suite-mate, or table companion who has been entertaining you these several weeks with tales of Johnny, Joseph, and Jane, have already thrown down this article in disgust. Please don't. We know that you're missing an experience of a life-time by not teaching, so we're sacrificially sharing ours with you.

Naturally we tried to make a striking impression the first day by arriving early. After asking one-fourth of the students where our critic teachers' room was, we discovered that it was on the third floor. The other three-fourths were unable to tell us which of the twelve or more was ours. At last we found it. Could it be possible that it started, and not later that classes started, and not hours? At any rate that day and

several others were successfully endured.

Papers, papers, papers! Tests, home work, and class examples. To flunk or not to flunk James, Sarah, or Edith; that is the question. But oh! the unexplicable joy when everyone passes.

Just when observing becomes less of a horror and more of a habit, we are informed that tomorrow we shall have complete charge of the class. Oh ! ! ! We arrive at school, our knees shake, our voices tremble. We stand before the class, thirty-odd eager questioning boys and girls. Confidence slowly comes to us, we lose fright in interest of the subject. They ask a million questions which we answer, hoping, correctly.

Days pass in such a manner and, believe or not, we really begin to enjoy our work. Of course we think, talk, and dream of nothing else—wouldn't you? So grit your teeth and smile with us over our amusing incidents and cry with us over our mistakes. Maybe you'll be a teacher sometime.

—*Agnes Bingham.*

## Story of the Passion Play

To see the Passion Play is to realize an ambition. It will stand out as one of the greatest experiences in your lifetime. It will prove an inspiration to the clergy of all religious denominations and an invaluable help to Bible students. You owe it to yourself to visit Oberammergau in 1930.

So closely have Oberammergau and the Passion Play been associated in the minds of a great many people, that these two names have almost become synonymous, and justly so, perhaps, for this historic and profoundly religious play has been produced in the small though delightfully picturesque town of Oberammergau for three hundred years.

Oberammergau derives its name from the fact that it is one of two closely-nestled towns on the banks of the Ammer River, in the southern part of Bavaria and signifies—"the upper Ammer district"—or locality.

The beginning of the Oberammergau Passion Play can be traced as far back as the fifteenth century, but since the year 1633, it became a holy task to Oberammergau people—the fulfillment of a promise made in a time of great

distress. In the year 1632 a terrible, devastating plague visited the town and threatened its entire populace of some 600 inhabitants. The end of the malady was not in sight and something had to be done. The villagers met in their church and offered up prayers to God for relief. Through His unfailing mercy, the plague ceased and never again visited Oberammergau.

The play, therefore, had its inception—not as an exhibition of dramatic art or skill, but a serious, consecrated expression of gratitude and devotion to God. Further, it proved to be the inspiration of great religious significance, being given every ten years.

The spectacle soon became known throughout all Europe, and it was not long before it was known throughout the world. Pilgrimages were made from every corner of the universe, and Oberammergau has continued to draw hundreds of thousands—yes, millions, ever since.

Today finds Oberammergau somewhat changed, modern transportation facilities have replaced primitive ox carts, and

other crude conveyances, new roadways have been built from miles around to accommodate the more modern and generally accepted mode of transportation—the motor car. Just this year, the State Railway inaugurated an International Express Service on Ammersee Railway, which leads directly to Oberammergau.

As time went on, the various parts of the play were greatly improved upon, changes were made in details, and a constant effort has been made to place the production on a very high standard. The stage and auditorium have recently been rebuilt and enlarged at great expense. The new auditorium now has a seating capacity for 5,000 persons. The stage will accommodate over 500 players.

A great sense of civic pride impresses one upon arrival at Oberammergau. The townspeople unceasingly devote their time and attention to the maintenance of their homes and public buildings, in order to impress the visitor. On the whole, Oberammergau is a very industrious little town, peaceful and supremely content.

Quite contrary to prevailing belief in some quarters, the Pas-

sion Play, is non-sectarian in its presentation, and is equally enjoyed by all, regardless of religious affiliations. It is based on the life of Christ Jesus, presented in eighteen acts, supplemented by twenty-five tableaux portraying the principal events in Bible history, and the life of the Savior—especially His last, earthly days, the crucifixion and the resurrection.

One of the most significant facts with regard to the Passion Play is the strict and almost religious adherence to the requirements of the players, eligibility being confined entirely to the inhabitants of Oberammergau. Those taking part, numbering in all about 400, are engaged, between plays, every ten years, in their usual vocations and domestic pursuits much the same as the people of any other community. But the play is their greatest ambition—their life. The principal characters are elected by popular vote; many are trained from youth. However, their lives must attest to the sincerity and the piety of the parts they portray, especially is this so of Christ and the Holy family. No greater honor can be bestowed upon a man in Oberammergau than that of be-

ing chosen to take the part of the Savior.

Preparation for the play begins about six months prior to the first performance, when a concentrated study is begun. To those who have not been so fortunate as to have witnessed the Passion Play, and even to a good many, perhaps, who have, it may be interesting to note that no make-up nor artificial means is resorted to by the players in the impersonation of the characters of the play. About two months before the performance, the town of Oberammergau issues an edict to all the men in the village, dispensing with shaving and hair cutting in order that the hair and beard may grow and be trained.

Most every one in Oberammergau has something to do with the play, even if it is but to help make the costumes, although this is one of the most important details. The play is given in broad daylight, no artificial illumination being used whatsoever. For this reason the costumes must, of necessity be the very finest that can be produced.

As time draws near for the opening of the play, personal and domestic activities are abandoned as far as practicable, in order that

the players and those who take an active part in it may devote their time to their duties.

But a great transformation takes place in Oberammergau on the Saturday preceding a performance. A multitude of peasants from the North, East, South and West keep pouring into town. Visitors from all over the world arrive. The streets become congested. All commercial activity apparently ceases. There is but one business in Oberammergau now, and that is the Passion Play.

The day of the first performance arrives. The auditorium is filled. The play starts—but, alas—who can describe the Passion Play? Any attempt to do so would utterly fail, for the most vivid and colorful account that could possibly be written would still lack that certain freshness, that intimacy of such an experience—the spiritual uplift that is felt throughout the play.

Anton Lang, that genial, lovable, and almost worshipped successor of Joseph Maier, a potter by trade and an artist of unusual ability, who took the part of Jesus so successfully for a number of years, has won his way into the hearts of millions the world over.

Those of his colleagues who

supported him so admirably, are all masters of the art, and more than justify the goodly measure of praise bestowed upon them.

In any other place the Passion Play would lose its charm. Like

a flower, it would not bear transplanting. But in Oberammergau with an historical background as striking and unique as that of its encircling mountains, it seems appropriate and natural.

—Elizabeth Lowe.



## Smoke Screen

We have smoke screens, walls shadowy and tall, deep and dusky. Here are wreaths of words and phrases, of sentences pattering, coiling and flattering; here are thick sooty patches of simulated sincerity, patches too of almost real feeling, like a mist stealing over the impenetrable blue sky, then imperceptibly retreating into the pale grey horizon of lies. But these screens are thick and warm and white on every side—on the outside.

\* \* \*

"No, he's away . . . Indeed I cannot say; Monday perhaps . . . (Oh! he's left me, deserted me forever!) . . . Just for a day or two. We'll both come Sunday . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . We'll both come some day soon. . . ." (Oh, how thankful I am for my smoke screen, thick and warm and white).

"Come into the garden now. (Its warm there, where the bees swarm, where the lilies of the valley blow, and the hyacinth is purple, like your eyes you know," he said once.) I must not be sentimental, but just see for yourselves, my dears, the purple of the

hyacinth. And the ferns (must return. I have too much to hear.) No, they are not rare but I love them. (I love them, I loved him, but what shall I say about him?) This way now. No, do not go. Wait one moment till you know what I must tell you: it is I who go. I go tonight at midnight. (White screen of secrecy, keep me unseen; bright cloud of safety, make me a shroud.) Yes . . . I don't know what it is . . . but he is very ill. I know I must go to him. No, do not comfort me. (If you knew) You still insist? You are kind. Stay behind them and help me. (Smoke screen, quick; come between us white and thick. Be warm, be warm—on the outside.)

"There is nothing more now. It's time for the train. (And where can I go now.) Good-bye, good-bye. (Good-bye, and may the time never come when you rack your brain for what to do, and find like me, no friend to turn to but instead a polite and faintly hostile acquaintance. . . . But perhaps if I had told her she might have seen. Are you really warm smoke screen? Do you hold me lovingly in your embrace?

Are you thick and soft and white  
on every side?"")

\* \* \*

We have smoke screens that  
are like clouds, from the outside;  
but within they are cold raw

mists melting into rain. But we  
derive a cold comfort in knowing  
that our screens are thick and  
warm and white . . . from the out-  
side.

—Cornelia McLauchlin.

## Lucinda

Black, gaunt, lank — no one knew if she were thirty or seventy years old. A sparse crop of gray kinks lay scattered on her head, kinks which had never known a cap since those first few weeks at "Miss Fay's"—during which time the making of a "maid" of Lucinda was about despaired of, though not given up. A rabbit's foot tied around her neck with a dirty string, an apron hardly clean which partially covered a dress which was not a brown silk and black cotton stockings wrinkled and twisted on her broomstick legs, a pair of ancient rat-eaten shoe soles with a little shoe left but turned over at the heel till she shuffled around more on the side than the sole itself, a cheerful disposition, a deeply religious spirit, a fury (as when "Mr. Mac" once forgot to have the butler order her ten cent worth o' snuff), a good hand

in any man's fields—that was Lucinda.

Living in the country as the MacRaes did, city servants were an impossibility, and the desire for them was greatly augmented by said impossibility. And so Lucinda, as a last resort, was retained and yet despaired of, but her presence probably inspired more animated conversations than any other person in the household. And why not? In the two years of her service, she had never, as many as two times straight, put the right amount of lard in her biscuits, or made tapioca pudding to "Mr. Mac's" liking. But as she remarked, "Why change? That bread exalts away in my mouth, and ef I et all the 'lasses in that pitcher, the puddin' 'd still seem sweet enough. Folks should mind or the Lawd'll shoan punish them as aint grateful fo' whut they gets."

The refrigerator was something new, neither could she understand Mr. Mac's talking of an electric one—surely it was a sin and a waste. A spring had been cold enough for her dab of butter, and "what with ten chil-luns, there warn't never no butter-milk lef.' Anyhow, hit don't need no ice house."

Every fourth Sunday, Lucinda went to "meetin," and the family existed without her. One particular Sunday, dinner was delayed by virtue of the whole family's being marshalled out to solve the problem of a lost baked chicken. "Miss Fay" was positive she had told Lucinda to put the chicken directly under the ice compartment in the refrigerator. Everyone had to examine the refrigerator, search in the pantry—"Mr. Mac" even looked in the buffet. No results. Then Bub became the hero of the day, even as Lucinda became the villainess. Playfully, Bub had lifted the flap at the bottom of the refrigerator and then he whooped! Reposing on a platter was the chicken, very dusty, and truly under the ice!

After having been in "Miss Fay's" employ for some months, Lucinda was entrusted with the care of the two-year-old baby

One afternoon, Miss Fay went to a card party, giving Lucinda full instructions as to baby's care, and also giving her the club telephone number. Lucinda expostulated, "No'm, I don't know nothin' 'bout no numbers, but if you was to be there an' hear anyone hollerin', thas me aphoning you alls."

With a broom and dust cloth, she accosted the living room one morning, dipping snuff and preaching to the air. "Lawsy, I tells you—if you been fooled 'bout a husband once, you aint so rushed to get fooled again soon. . . . Fightin' 'n marrying, 'n goin' to jail—hit's all one an's the same."

And then came the memorable afternoon that Baby was playing with Miss Fay's purse. Miss Fay, absorbed in a novel, didn't see Baby open the purse, procure a dime, and quickly swallow it. It hurt so, Baby cried. Miss Fay looked up, took the whole in, and screamed. Lucinda swung into the room in time to see Miss Fay reach for the telephone. Seeing the purse, Lucinda comprehended the situation, calmly picked up Baby by the heels and shook him vigorously—upside down. Klank! The dime rolled on the floor. . . .

Two very scared people rocked back and forth—the baby yelling, the mother soothing. . . . Lucinda ambled back to her kitchen.

She has never learned to use an electric sweeper, or to be in

any way an efficient maid for sophisticated society, and she still puts too much lard in her biscuits, but with "Mr. Mac" and "Miss Fay," Lucinda is ace-high forever.

—*Mary Groome McNinch.*

## Dawn

Darkness, Stillness. Above us was a murky tent with enveloping sides floating on an invisible carpet. A cock crew on one side of the inlet, a light blinked in reply on the opposite side. The water softly lapped against the sides of the gliding boat; a fish disturbed in his nocturnal perigrinations splashed onto our feet. Shrimp swished and swirled in glee, when the light from the gasoline lamp played on their sleeping quarters.

Again the warning note of the cock echoed across the water. The curtain call. Slowly, imperceptibly the jet curtain rose trailing a reluctant gray one. Marsh grass silhouetted against the lighter

curtain rustled in the freshening breeze. The water was flecked with silver.

A grey-pearl light gave a setting to the marsh grass, oyster beds, soon to be covered by the rising tide. Briny, cool, faintly fishy was the morning air. A sea bird swooping and dipping in spirals drew after him a lemon glow, shimmering through the now transparent veil of mist. The curtain is drawn still higher—jostling, pushing, shoving with swaity and gracefulness, golden lights, rosy hues, mauve tints, crimson streaks, hints of blue, ushered in the actor, Day.

—*Edith Storm.*

## Dreams

1.

Two little stars in the heavens,  
There mid the brightness and  
glow,  
One in the East  
One in the West  
Moving nearer so surely and  
slow.

2.

There may come storms and  
showers  
To banish them from our sight,  
But though they vanish  
They are seen again  
With the clearness of a night.

3.

So may two souls in a universe  
Come from the East and West,  
Seeking and searching  
Each for the other  
In what seems a hopeless quest.

4.

When all the world goes wrong  
And all the sky is gray  
There is comfort  
And joy in knowing  
That there is someone somewhere  
today.

5.

It may be by a garden wall  
Or in a city street,  
Or just at dawn,  
Or just at dusk,  
That these two first shall' meet.

6.

There won't be any guessing  
Or any asking "Who,"  
When the time comes  
And the meeting  
They will know that the waiting  
is through.

—Lucia Harding.

## In My Apartment

As I stand in the doorway of my gay little breakfast nook and glance over it and the kitchen beyond, I cannot help responding to its cheery, buoyant mood. The walls and ceiling glow with an undoubtedly bright pink hue. And the woodwork, in an equally brilliant shade of green, glistens in

effective contrast. The linoleum harmonizes, as does everything else. Its clever, modernistic design in light shades of green and cream fill me with the strange desire to get on my hands and knees and decipher its intriguing pattern.

The kitchen cabinet, Frigid-

aire, and breakfast-room set are the same shining green. The curtains are soft and white, with pink ruffled edges. Some zinnias in a bowl gleam from one of the windows. A green lamp stands in the center of the little embroidered lunch cloth on the breakfast-nook table. Directly over it, from between two windows projects a green wooden parrot holding in his bill a flower basket containing several delicate sprigs of pink

peach blossoms—artificial, but who cares? Everywhere in point of view this ridiculous but surprisingly attractive color scheme repeats itself. A green handled broom stands in an obscure corner. Little pink bordered towels hang evenly from a green rack and a pink checkered apron is hanging on the back of the door.

—*Laura Ann Travis.*

## After Light Bell

The last vibrations of light bell had faded away into silence. The noise and tumult of a college day were brought to an end. But in the heart and soul of the wistful figure lying face-downward on her window seat, there seethed the agitation of profound dejection. Long had she been trying to free her being from the burden of despair and discouragement. A restless movement of her tousled head brought a flood of light from a full moon directly upon her face. And its cold, pure beauty brought the tense little figure into a state of relaxation. Then cuddling up among the pillows and leaning on the window sill she directed her attention to

nocturnal enchantment, never before seriously considered.

The night was peculiarly bright. Moon beams penetrated to the inmost leaves of the silent oaks, the waxy smoothness of each leaf mirrored the lunar rays and added new lustre to the night. The ground was flecked with moonlight and shadows. The author of the night reveals his infinite love.

This restful calmness and beauty crept into her soul and now with a heart that understood its meaning, she arose, with a new faith, and a new hope, and a new truth for a peaceful night of sleep and a day of renewed vigor.

—*Elizabeth Beard,*  
—*Sarah Springs.*

# Quill BOOKS With C

## The Thousandth Book

It was Kipling who, recalling Solomon, wrote the line about the Thousandth Man that's worth seeking half one's days. Likewise, the Thousandth Book brings its own Reward, though the rare book is invariably the product of a rare mind—a rare soul—that is "inhumanly lovely" and worth knowing, if you could.

If you're off upon the Dickinson frigate any evening ("And wish to prove the truth of what I say") some charming new books are, first of all, Maud Diver's *Wild Bird* (Miss Diver has maintained a long and devoted friendship with the family of Kipling, incidentally). The author exhilarates in writing about India though she lives in Dorset, and certainly her intuitive insight into Eastern life is rare and delightfully penned.

Tom Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, which is a refutation of *Main Street*, is the product of a North Carolinian. Mr.

Wolfe lives in Asheville and teaches at the University of New York. The fact that Scribner is featuring the book as a fall publication makes it a Book in a Thousand.

A. S. M. Hutcheson has produced, after four years of silence, *The Uncertain Trumpet*. This is his first novel since his marriage. Does his spring-time, winter-time optimism still prevail?

Warrick Deeping who lives much of his life in seclusion, is a strong writer. *Roper Row* is his new book.

But there are likewise books that are for all time—what rare thing is not? We have recently been most thrilled over a first edition of Washington Irving's *Wolfert's Roost*, a collection of papers published by Putnam in 1855. The two illustrations of "The Cow-boys" and "The Contented Man" are plainly of other days. Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* is the au-

thor's revised edition of 1865, but still the engravings of fat Dutch smokers are beyond mildly interesting.

A first edition of Whittier's poems has steel engraving for his abolition poems. A dealer would label this book: Excessively Rare. It was published in 1850. Whittier's *Tent on the Beach* has the first print of his "The Vanishers" which belongs to the "Gleam Cycle" of the New England poets.

Another unusual volume is an edition of Poe which contains poems not found in the ordinary compilation of his works, with

original notes to some of the poems, and a facsimile of the original manuscript of "The Bells."

"First" of English authors are: *Sartor Resartus* and *The Life, Letters and Poems* of Cowper, which latter has what a librarian would catalog as "plates," i.e. engravings.

Immortal, apart from the soil and commerce of the world, The Thousandth Book, a thing of charm, a creation of beauty, gives solace to evenings whose mornings have gone on "like the gnawing of a mouse."

—R. Harrell.

## **“Young Apollo”**

We have a new book from the fluent pen of the Gibbs family, "Young Apollo," which is fast becoming one of the best sellers.

"Young Apollo, golden haired,  
standing on the edge of strife,

Magnificently unprepared for  
the long littleness of life."

Allan Christopher Shepherd, the Young Apollo, a student at Oxford, is often found lying on the grass, punting on the river and reading poetry. One day, to his disgust, he finds himself in love with Jane Anderson. How-

ever, he desires the former frank relationship between them rather than the strange emotions that come with love. The personalities are vastly different; Jane has a hard common sense and scientific turn of mind as compared with Allan's dreamy ideals and impracticability. Jane wants good prospects; Allan is willing to drift along and trust to luck for a living.

To satisfy Jane he gets a space paying job on *The Daily Gazette* and they marry on the strength of it. This proves none too lucrative.

for the guineas for two week's work is not enough to live on. Jane refuses to depend upon her father and Allan's aunt, so she takes a research position at the Pastem Institute in Cambridge at £200 a year. She leaves Allan, desolate, in London.

Soon after this *The Daily Gazette* suggests that Allan will never make a journalist and better spend his time writing a book. Finding himself jobless, and Janeless, Allan returns discouraged to his rooms; he finds there Isobel d'Aunay who has always been in love with him and is not reluctant to taking him when she can get him. He pays little attention, however, as he is longing for Jane. He then goes to Jane, finding her pale and worn, and asks her to return. He refuses to

leave her and takes a room in her boarding house and devotes himself to writing his book, while Jane goes on with her work.

On the very day that his book is accepted by an encouraging publisher and Allan returns triumphant with a contract in his pocket, Jane dies and leaves the young Apollo, as young as ever, with a motherless daughter on his hands.

The plot of the story grows monotonous in novel form, and the conversations between Jane and Allan become wearying. Mr. Gibbs' writing is witty at times, and easy flowing always but there is two much of it. His plot needs to be concise. It would be good for a short story.

—Reviewed by *Frances Dilda*.



## “The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge”

A boy grows up in the Vermont hills. He does his chores on the farm; he makes friends with a blacksmith; he sells apples and pop corn at the town meetings. A great American story begins.

We travel with Calvin Coolidge from Black River Academy to the idyllic setting of Amherst. We then watch the college graduate settle down in Northampton earning \$500 in his first year; the aspiring young lawyer who was offered the mayorship of the town. We follow him through the stir of first political battles to the governorship; the lamp-lit room in Plymouth where a father administered to his son the oath

of the President of the United States.

Critics say that not since Benjamin Franklin's autobiography has there been so inspiring a record of an American life as the autobiography of Calvin Coolidge.

Great for its picture of a man and a career, its history of our own times, and above all, its penetrating appreciation of the things that happen to all men, great or humble — the autobiography of Calvin Coolidge is a book for every American for all times.

(Reviewed by *Cornelia McLauchlin*)

## “Queen Elizabeth”

*Katharine Anthony*

From the cradle to the grave Elizabeth stands in striking profile a tragic spirit, the daughter of Bloody Henry, lover of Essex, murderer of Queen Mary, inspiration of Shakespeare, the destroyer of the Spanish Armada. In her book “Queen Elizabeth,”

Katherine Anthony has given us the complete magnificent life of one who was doomed to build an empire, but was thwarted; was accused of coldness but died of heartbreak. The story is as full of color as the Elizabethan period itself. It is told with remarkable freshness.

(Reviewed by C. McL.)

## Charleston of Today

Charleston has long been "America's Most Historic City." Her mid-victorian air of culture and refinement has remained dominant. There is that intangible air of breeding and background which seems to envelop her and keep her a child-city in the modern sense of the word.

Today, however, Charleston is calling to the outer world, and she has reached out a long arm of contact to the rest of the world in the shape of a new bridge over Cooper River. It forms a link in the great highway from Montreal to Key West, and aloof Charleston is waiting to see if the influx of visitors, this new route will tend to modernize her completely.

There is a struggle between the old order which seeks to preserve its charms and traditions and the new which strives to enforce modern laws and commercialize the city in general. There is a humorous story related of a traffic policeman who in no gentle tones reprimanded a lady driver blithely passing a red light, not knowing

traffic lights had been installed on that corner. Affronted, in such a manner, the lady indignantly informed him that he could report her for breaking a traffic rule, but she would most certainly report him for courtesy to a gentlewoman. She refused to move until he apologized. And he did, most humbly!

The social life of the city is also characteristic of Charlestonians. They abhor publicity and it is the aim of the socially prominent to keep entirely out of the papers. Only last year, was the breaking down of this old tradition witnessed when for the first time debutantes allowed their pictures to be published in the papers.

The climax of the winter season at Charleston is celebrated by the much-talked-of St. Cecelia ball, which is given by the oldest social order in America, and it is a courtly and formal affair. Here especially is privacy desired. Even the younger people wish to uphold this old tradition and strange to say, the country clubs so popular in other parts of the country for the giving of dances and parties,

play a negligible part here, being used mostly by golfers.

In the past year or so many northern millionaires have bought summer homes, usually old plantations where they wish to escape the monotony of every day life, and revel in the quiet, infinite leisure of this famous city of the South.

The bridge, the opening to the outer world, may mean a great change for Charleston, perhaps a change for the better, but let us keep the rare charm and individuality of their city along with hope that they will succeed in the modernization of it.

—*Janice Newton.*



## Verse

### Understanding

*Lottie Lane Joyner*

Blindly I searched for someone  
Who could help me to understand  
Or show me the truth in a way  
That would leave no doubt or  
question.

What had become of the sun-  
shine?

Where was the ready laughter of  
yore?

Why would I cry without hesita-  
tion

When there was nothing to cry  
for?

Why did I crave solitude

When before I craved the crowd?

What was changing within me

Making me happy as a lark

Then miserable as the lowliest  
hag?

I did not know, until

Again I saw your face, and then

In a blinding flash of light

I saw a vision

And with the vision came under-  
standing.

### Palaces

*Helen Rossen*

Thy beauty is in thy walls  
Thy grandeur in thy plan  
Thy lamps give light to all  
They light the way for man.  
Marv'lous are thy pictures  
wrought

By masters—best they can  
Rich rugs from Persia brought:  
All this for eyes of man.  
O palace beautiful—speak!  
Who laid thy cornerstone?

Thy daughters proud yet weak  
Polished—jewel-strewn!  
In all thy splendor seen  
Are thy foundations sure?  
Palace, who is thy Queen  
And are thy daughters pure?  
Polished is thy cornerstone  
Polished are thy daughters, too  
As solid as is thy cornerstone,  
Are Thy daughters to God as  
true?

Psalm 144.

## A Secret

*Lottie Lane Joyner*

Can you read my heart  
 Like an open book  
 Revealing what is there?  
 Do you know what I  
 Think, hope, and yearn for?  
 Can you tell by either  
 Word, action, or look  
 That I give, my secret?  
 Do you know how  
 I guard it with jealousy  
 During the day  
 From the prying eyes of the  
 world,  
 Only taking little peeps  
 When alone with my thoughts?  
 If you know this secret,

Will you guard it, and  
 Keep it locked in your  
 Heart for my sake?

## I Like to Walk in the Rain

*Lottie Lane Joyner*

I like to walk in the rain  
 With the spray beating in my  
 face  
 And the wind blowing my hair,  
 I love to see the low, gray clouds  
 Scudding before the wind,  
 And the leaves in their whirl and  
 flurry.

I like to listen to the secrets  
 That the wind whispers to me.



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